

GREENHUT CRASH SPREAD DISASTER OVER EAST SIDE

Hundreds of Small Manu-
facturers, Capital Tied
Up, Fear Ruin.

MANY MAY FIGHT REORGANIZATION

Experts Begin Overhauling
Books—Hint of 50 Cents on
Dollar Settlement.

Their capital tied up by the failure of the J. B. Greenhut Company, several hundred small manufacturers of the East Side are threatened with disaster. Persons familiar with the situation said yesterday that in all probability there are 1,000 accounts of one kind or another on the books of the company, and that it would be surprising if dozens of them were not forced into bankruptcy or forced to ask extensions.

It is the hardest blow the manufacturing side of the community has received from any mercantile failure in years, and coming on top of the closing of several of the big private banks, it has left the East Side in an unenviable financial condition.

With a great many this state of affairs means that the savings of years have been wiped out, and that the "last" and perhaps his wife will have to go back to the sweatshop and beg for work where they stayed as immigrants.

Most of the accounts of these manufacturers are small as accounts in a large mercantile house go. In the aggregate they are very large, however. In matters stand, they will be forced to wait for months, perhaps, before any scheme of relief can be worked out. Then they will have to share pro rata with the larger creditors.

In dry goods circles yesterday the percentage of the claims that will be paid was variously estimated. Guesses ranged from 30 cents to 50 cents on the dollar.

Stormy Future Predicted.

It was these small manufacturers who created something approaching a panic in the Greenhut offices on Thursday. Now it is expected that they will have a troublesome factor in any plan for reorganization scheme that contemplates payment in stock or other securities.

It is the ambition of the East Side money maker to some day have a piece of his own, and eventually the big money. When the toiler has sufficient cash to obtain a small supply of stock and a few machines he has his chance.

As a result of a big store like that of Greenhut, the next step. Such men are usually prompt pay and enable the small dealer to turn his capital many times in a year.

Recently the Greenhut crash has not been a surprise, but the little manufacturers of a rule were not in a position to insist, as were some of the larger creditors of the store. Mercantile agencies were resorting to the courts weeks ago that some manufacturers were holding up shipments to the store until goods previously delivered were paid for.

As a result of the reported inability to get a financial statement showing the condition of business at the end of 1914.

GREENHUT COMPANY'S LAST STATEMENT

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| ASSETS DECEMBER 31, 1913. | |
| Merchandise, delivery | |
| plant and stables | \$6,534,978.43 |
| Real estate and ware- | |
| houses | 9,772,762.17 |
| Book accounts and bills | |
| receivable | 950,500.00 |
| Cash on hand | 658,747.07 |
| Total | \$18,146,987.67 |
| LIABILITIES DECEMBER 31, 1913. | |
| Capital | \$6,000,000.00 |
| Merchandise and bills | |
| payable | 2,473,127.84 |
| Mortgages and bonds | 9,200,000.00 |
| Surplus and undivided | |
| profits | 543,850.83 |
| Total | \$18,146,987.67 |

URGE GEN. GORGAS TO GO TO SERBIA

Rockefeller Officials Ask Him to
Conduct the Fight Against
Plague.

Washington, April 10.—Whether he shall give up his career in the army, where he holds the rank of major general, and the position of surgeon general, to take charge of the fight against the typhus plague raging in Serbia is the problem which confronts William C. Gorgas to-day.

The proposal to take charge of the fight against typhus in Serbia came to Surgeon General Gorgas from the Rockefeller Foundation, which wants the man who cleaned up the Panama Canal Zone to conduct a similar fight in the Balkans.

General Gorgas said to-night that he would not reach a decision for several days.

"I admit that the proposal appeals to me strongly," he said. "The opportunities for accomplishing things over there in Serbia in a fight against disease are tremendous, and there is the chance of doing a world of good. On the other hand, I don't want to resign from the United States Army."

The physicians attached to the Serbian Red Cross 106 have died of typhus already, according to a dispatch received by the American Red Cross here to-day. Dr. W. M. Soubille, head of the Serbian Red Cross, sent the message.

SLAIN WOMAN FOUND BY BOYS IN A STONEPILE

Snake Hunters Uncover
Mystery in Thicket on
Astor Tract in Bronx.

AUTOPSY REVEALS POSSIBLE MOTIVE

Body Had Lain in Rock Cairn
About 12 Days—Handbag
May Hold Clue.

Three boys were hunting snakes in a lonely tract of land in the Bronx yesterday. They chased a fleeing reptile to a pile of rocks, and found there, not the snake, but a woman's foot protruding from among the stones, and so brought to the attention of the Bronx police a baffling murder mystery. As to who she was or who had murdered her there was no clue, but the autopsy revealed the probable motive. It showed that her condition might have impelled some man to get rid of her.

The setting of the spot where she was found was fitting for a murder mystery. It was in the Astor estate lands at East 177th Street and Noble Avenue. Noble Avenue is there only on the maps, for the tract stretches over many acres of desolate lands, covered in places with swamps, in others with trees and thickets. The streets intersecting it have not yet been graded in.

The land at the place the body was found is thirty feet below the level of 177th Street. The embankment there is steep and is studded with loose rocks. It is so steep and there are so many heaps of stones lying about that the body had lain there under the rocks for ten or twelve days without attracting the eye of passersby on the street above.

The body might have been brought there on a dark night without fear on the part of her murderer that he would be seen, for the nearest houses are 400 feet away.

There are surface cars passing by on 177th Street, but there is no stopping point for them nearer than 400 feet, because of the fact that the cross streets are not cut through. It is a lonely stretch, through which pedestrians seldom have occasion to pass.

The three boys who snake hunted led them to the body were Armand Le-nex, of 1782 Westchester Avenue; Andrew White, of 1248 St. Lawrence Avenue, and Richard Slattery, of 1227 St. Lawrence Avenue. They saw the foot and then pulled a few stones away until they were sure a body was underneath. Then they called Patrol-men Quinn and Green from the nearest post.

About Twenty-two Years Old.

The policemen tore down the rude cairn and found beneath it the body of a woman about twenty-two years of age, 4 feet 8 inches tall, fair of complexion, with dark brown hair, and wearing a black plush coat with astrakhan collar, a green crepe de Chine dress, white petticoat and black kid gloves. She wore no shoes or hat. She lay face down.

On the fourth finger of her left hand were two rings. One was a plain gold band that might have been a wedding ring, but there was no inscription to bear this out. The other had four white stones and the engraved letters "S. O. F." and "E. F. 7." Near by were found two bloody handkerchiefs, one a man's, the other a woman's, with the initials "K."

Nearly also were some barrel staves and on the stone pile some hoops. They might have been remnants of a barrel in which her body had been brought there.

About her neck was a chain with a gold locket, heart shaped, bearing the legend, "Good Luck." Her hands were badly decomposed, and so was her face in a measure, but not so much so as to render it unrecognizable. She had high cheek bones, which gave her face a Polish or Finnish cast.

Two Women Are Missing.

Her hair was cut in a striking way. It was cut "Buster Brown" style, hanging to her shoulders. There also lay with her a black velvet bag on a braided cord. The label in her coat bore the words "Salts" and "Esquimaux."

The body was taken to the morgue, where Dr. Thomas Curtin made an autopsy. This showed that she had been killed with a blow on the head from a blunt instrument, crushing in her skull. Both wrists had been hacked. In her hand she clutched a bunch of hair similar to her own.

There was no sign of a struggle where she was found. She had apparently been brought there for concealment by some one who had hurried on his work, for a few yards further on there was underbrush. But it had apparently been deemed safer to push down stones upon the body there in the shelter of the bank.

In the last two weeks two women have been reported missing whose details were agreed roughly in some details with that of the murdered woman. They were Lena Huberman, of 520 East Twelfth Street, and Eva Romanovsky, of 139 East 168th Street. Captain Andrew Vines sent his men out to find relatives of these women last night to see if they could identify the dead woman.

Charles McLaughlin, Assistant District Attorney, also spent the night on the mystery with Vines and his men. The police were not theorizing last night. They were spending all their energies in trying to find a starting place.

Evicted at 78, Woman Camps Out, Defying ex-Landlord with Club



Mary Donnelly, seventy-eight, defending her last stand, on the hill back of Phillipsburg, N. J.

Rent Payments in Dispute, Even Her Clothesline Was Thrown Into Vacant Lot, Where She Now Is Emulating Nangay Doola, of Kipling Fame.

Phillipsburg, N. J., April 10.—On the side of a high, rocky hill, a mile from the center of the town, sits Mrs. Mary Donnelly, seventy-eight years old, surrounded by all her worldly possessions. Woman and goods are in a vacant lot, the latter spread with a few pieces of carpet, their owner armed with the leg of an abandoned bed, standing guard over her property.

Mrs. Donnelly was evicted last Wednesday from the little house she had occupied for five years, and is determined to camp out on the lot as long as she has friends and can obtain something to eat. Her landlord, Dr. W. Hager, to whom she has been paying \$5 a month rent for the shanty, it is nothing more—contended that she owed him \$10, and had her ejected from the building.

Her chiffonier, washstand, bed, tables and range followed each other from the house, the last named being broken on its way. Then a wash line filled with clothing was tossed over the fence, and finally carpets and tablecloths. They are still where they were thrown, in the adjoining lot. The goods are covered by the carnel, which with the blue sky form Mrs. Donnelly's only bed-clothing each night as she lies down, almost under the rocky cliff, yet not twenty feet from where trolleys pass every few minutes.

An Amazon at Seventy-eight.

For three days she has maintained her vigil over her property, according to relief only from Peter Gallagher, her boarder for the last five years. She is

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DUTY PLEA FREES FRENCH OFFICER WHO SLEW WIFE

Captain Herail Acquitted
by Court Martial After
Killing Woman.

HER DEFIANCE OF ARMY ORDER CAUSE

Prisoner Weeps as He Tells How
He Fired Fatal Shots Because
She Would Not Leave.

Paris, April 10.—Captain Herail, the young officer of a crack Cuirassier regiment, who killed his beautiful wife because her devotion to him was so great that it interfered with his duties as a soldier, was acquitted of her murder to-day by a vote of 5 to 2, before a court martial in the Palace of Justice. The verdict was received with the wildest enthusiasm.

It was the most emotional murder trial since the beginning of the war, and served to show the intensity of the spirit of patriotism that animates the French officers.

The evidence showed that Captain Herail, after taking a gallant part with his regiment in the campaign in Lorraine, had used every effort to disuade his beautiful young wife from visiting him in cantonments near Compiègne, as this was a violation of military orders and already had subjected him to fifteen days' arrest and threats of court martial.

Seldom has a more pathetic scene been witnessed in a Paris court than that of to-day, when Captain Herail took the stand in his own defence. The soldier wept as he told of the great love which he bore for his wife. The courtroom was crowded with women and officers, and as he sobbed out his story many shed tears of sympathy.

Tells of Love for Wife.

Captain Herail told of the mutual love, which prompted his wife to refuse to be separated from him while he was at the front.

"You do not realize how great was my love for my wife," he said, brokenly, "when I believed I would be cashiered because of her determined refusal to return. Although I implored her time and again, I became more and more desperate, and was driven to the last extremity."

Here the captain broke down and sobbed bitterly for five minutes, and many of the women and uniformed officers in the courtroom were so affected by the gray-haired soldier's agitation that they, too, wept.

Rebuked by Commander.

Colonel Jacquillat, who presided over the court, rebuked Captain Herail sharply for placing all the blame upon his wife and asked why he did not use some other method than to shoot her. "I did," replied the captain, "I tried every means I was unstrung. I was out of my mind to kill the wife I loved."

Captain Herail went into many details of his happy married life. He testified that he was married for ten years, and that he was a devoted husband. He said that he was a soldier, and that he was a patriot, and that he was a man of honor.

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N. Y. RELIEF STEAMER BLOWN UP; 26 OF HER CREW OF 53 MISSING

USKUB NAMES STREET AFTER LADY PAGET

Nish, Serbia (via London), April 10.—In recognition of the devotion of Lady (Ralph) Paget, the municipality of Uskub has decided to rename the finest street in that city after her.

Lady Paget, wife of Sir Ralph Spencer Paget, a member of the British diplomatic service, is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Parson Stevens, of New York. She has been in Serbia, working with the Red Cross, for some time past. She became ill, but is now convalescent. Her death was at one time erroneously reported.

The death roll of Serbian doctors from typhus fever is very heavy. During the last two months 107 doctors out of 432 have lost their lives.

Harpalyce on Return Trip Destroyed in North Sea.

LINER TAKING AID TO BELGIUM

Commission Head Not
Sure Whether Charter
Was Renewed.

CAPTAIN DEFIED MINES

Had No Fear, He Said, on Sail-
ing March 7 with 11,000
Individual Gifts.

Rotterdam, April 11.—The British steamer Harpalyce, which carried the first cargo of individual gifts from New York State for Belgium, and under charter to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, has either been torpedoed or sunk by a mine in the North Sea.

The Dutch steamer Elisabeth, from Rotterdam for New York, picked up twenty-two of the crew of the Harpalyce seven miles northeast of Noordhinder lighthouse and brought them back to Rotterdam. The Dutch steamer Constance (Catherine) picked up five men and took them to Nieuwe Waterweg. The steamer carried a crew of fifty-three men, twenty-six of whom, it is feared, have been drowned.

Those rescued by the Elisabeth included the second mate and the second engineer, the latter wounded.

The Harpalyce, under its charter to the Belgian Relief Commission, had a permit securing immunity from attack.

Lindon W. Bates, vice-chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, said last night that the Harpalyce probably had not renewed her charter to his organization, and was without the protection of its flag. Although the commission has ships for all the relief cargoes now assembled, Mr. Bates said he would have been glad to have the Harpalyce again.

"She had just completed her second voyage as a relief ship," he said. "Her first was from Boston. She set out in the teeth of the blizzard that we got brought from London for the relief cargo early in March and carried the gifts made by New York State. I have received no advice that her charter had been renewed."

"We have ships now for all the cargoes that are ready to go, but we could have none if the Harpalyce was lost." The Harpalyce was the first ship to sail from New York with gifts to the Belgians from the people of the state. She sailed on March 7, carrying 11,000 individual gifts, including a quantity of rice given by Mrs. Charles C. Whitman. The Harpalyce's captain, Frank Wamp, declared that he had no fear of submarines or mines. The ship reached Rotterdam on March 10.

She was owned by J. C. Harrison, of London, and was a comparatively new ship of 3,691 tons.

FRENCH CROWD BACK FOE'S LINE ON ST. MIHIEL

Make Further Gain to Nar-
row Wedge in Forest
of Montmaré.

GERMAN LOSSES AT LES EPARGES 30,000

Kaiser's Forces Offer No Coun- ter Attack After Capture of Strong Position.

Paris, April 10.—A further gain in the forest of Montmaré, where the pressure of the French attempt to strangle the St. Mihiel salient has apparently been causing Germany great distress, was reported in the French official announcement to-night. The Germans who yesterday were said to have made fifteen desperate counterattacks in this region, have apparently been convinced of their futility, and only one was reported to-day.

To-night's bulletin also emphasizes anew the importance of the capture of Les Eparges yesterday. Fully 30,000 Germans are declared to have fallen during the two months' attack by the French on that fortified position, and the report takes pains to state that there has been no counter attack since the capture.

The French are simultaneously attacking the German front, which passes close to the Lorraine border between Nancy and Chateau Salins.

Although the capture of Les Eparges, on the northern side of the wedge, appears to have been the most marked success the French have gained after almost a fortnight's fighting, the manner in which the Germans are counter-attacking in the Forest of Montmaré, to the southeast, would indicate that they feel the French pressure from that direction most severely.

Violent snowstorms are raging in the Vosges Mountains, but the fighting continues. Two hundred railroad cars filled with German wounded passed through Leopoldsdorfer, near Basle, on Tuesday.

Agnes-Old Struggle Fought in Woevre

London, April 10.—The battle of the Woevre, which is being followed with the keenest attention here, provides the chief feature of J. L. Garvin's interview of the week's events in today's "Observer." Mr. Garvin writes:

"The Germans, enveloped on two sides by the French attack in the Woevre district, have been forced in the most desperate fighting to give ground foot by foot, first on one flank, then on another. The French are working as with a pair of gigantic pincers or wire clippers to cut them off from Metz."

"The German fear for their communications. They are divided between the risks of holding on and the humiliation of retreat."

"The severity of their predicament is only the more clearly shown by the angry and abusive denials in their bulletins."

"Very large numbers must be engaged, and the struggle, which has been raging for more than a week in the Woevre district, is probably far larger in every way than any of the battles of 1870. The French are making progress at the grimmest cost, but nothing stops them."

"The Woevre was an historic annex to the three bishoprics of Metz, Verdun and Toul. It has been the cockpit of struggle for more than a thousand years to fix the final boundaries between the German race and French civilization. To any student of history one thing that fascinates in the present battle of the Woevre is that it may go far to decide, once and for all in the twentieth century, the racial struggle which became conscious of itself in the ninth. We must dig deep if we would know the roots of human things."

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BRITAIN CALLS FOR MORE CANADIANS

Dominion Asked to Send Second Expeditionary Force of 22,000 Troops.

Ottawa, April 10.—Lord Kitchener has called on Canada for a second expeditionary force.

The news was given to Parliament to-night by Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, who said that the call had been expected for some time.

Three months ago General Kitchener was informed that the force was ready in Canada to board troop ships and sail for Europe, the Premier said. Now that the summons had come, he stated, the second expeditionary force would go forward at an unrelenting pace in the near future to join the first expeditionary Canadian force now at the front.

The announcement of Lord Kitchener's call was received with cheers from both parties in the House. Premier Borden showed that in the Dominion and abroad on the payroll of Canada 101,550 men are bearing arms or performing military service.

Men numbering 25,420 were dispatched as the first expeditionary force and as reinforcements for it.

The second expeditionary force numbers 22,242 officers and men.

British Dock Strike Broken.

London, April 10.—The formation of a dockers' battalion, coupled with the threat of the executives of the unions to suspend the strikers, to-day caused the week-end strike of the dockers to collapse. After refusing for six weeks to work overtime on Saturdays, the men gave in, and practically the entire body is helping to-day to relieve the freight congestion.

SHE WENT FAR TO VOTE

Suffragist Made 1,600-Mile
Trip to Cast Ballot.

Harrisburg, Penn., April 10.—The 243,797 feminine voters of Chicago who visited the polls at the mayoralty election struck a crushing blow at the "anti" contention that women would not use the ballot if they had it, but the seal of Miss Gracie S. Erickson, a suffrage enthusiast doing campaign work in Philadelphia, entirely refuted the argument.

HYPNOTIST OWN VICTIM

Aspiring Svengali Inhales
Ether to Produce Power.

Ambitious to become a hypnotist, Herman Horowitz, twenty-three years old, of 804 East 173d Street, was told, or had read that he could satisfy his yearning by inhaling ether. Yesterday morning he experimented. As he felt himself losing consciousness he staggered into his father's room, told briefly what had occurred, and collapsed.

Three doctors were summoned to the scene. They worked for an hour, but the would-be hypnotist, last night it was said that he would suffer ill effects from the experiment.

PRISON EDITOR FREED

President Commutes Sentence
of Elwyn A. Barron.

Atlanta, April 10.—Elwyn A. Barron, editor of "Good Words," the Federal prison publication here, has received commutation of sentence from President Wilson, and will leave the Federal prison to-morrow. In the last issue of the paper he announced the news of his freedom. He has served one year of a three-year sentence.

Frederick A. Hyde, California millionaire and "angel of the prison," friend, was freed last week. Barron was convicted by the New York courts of using the mails to defraud. He has worked on New York and Chicago newspapers.

CIVIC CHATS, PLAN OF CHICAGO MAYOR

Thompson Will Establish Four
Branch Offices, Where He
Will Meet Citizens.

Chicago, April 10.—Four branch Mayorality offices will be established by William Hale Thompson.

These offices are to be open for a stated period each week, when the Mayor will meet persons who wish to discuss matters pertaining to the municipal government with him. Appeals for patronage will be barred.

If he believes his success at the recent election was due largely to the fact that I stood for ideas in which the mass of the people believed," said Mr. Thompson, "I think also the success of my administration will depend to some extent on how close I keep it to the people."

WILLARD ARRIVES; POLICE DUPE MOB IN BOILING MARKET

Fighter Smuggled Out of
Station — Broadway
Throngs Cheer.

Railroad and police detectives smuggled Jess Willard out of the Pennsylvania Station last night in the face of a frantic crowd of 3,000. Throngs lined Broadway and cheered as the little procession of automobiles, headed by the car carrying the world's champion, sped up Broadway to the St. Nicholas Rink.

Willard's train was due at 10:42 o'clock, and was right on time. Before 9 o'clock the crowd had begun to gather. Many women were present. Although a negro quarters borders on Seventh Avenue, not more than half a dozen negroes were to be seen in the vicinity of the station all the evening. The few that sauntered past got a reception that caused them to hasten their steps.

Although Captain Conboy had the reserves from the West Thirty-seventh Street police station lined up outside the station, and police and railroad detectives were scattered through the crowd, the impatient surges of the multitude at every fresh false alarm caused a call for reinforcements.

A dozen times in thirty minutes the cry went up, "There he is!" At every shout the crowd pressed forward, crushing those nearest to the station entrance.

Automobiles bearing placards inscribed "Welcome Back, Jess," were drawn up on the Seventh Avenue side of the station. Among them was one carrying a brass band. This and the cheering of the crowd were to escort the champion to the rink. The crowd kept close tabs on the machines, and it kept them busy, too. For the railroad officials themselves were somewhat at a loss as to how they should get their plumed to pieces.

When the fighter got off the train he was hustled through the baggage room to the curb beside the Thirty-first Street and Seventh Avenue. The automobiles edged their way slowly through the crowd in response to signals from detectives.

A compact group of a dozen or more, among them Tom Jones and Mrs. Jones, appeared at the curb beside the automobile. This time there was no doubt in the whole 3,000. Every person knew that it was Willard. A roar went up and the reserves were swept off their feet as men and women fought to catch a glimpse of him.

Willard rose in his seat and bowed right and left, and his car slowly ploughed the crowd in making the turn to head up Seventh Avenue. For several blocks the mob trailed the car, finally merging into the crowd on Broadway.

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STEEL LEADS SALES IN BOILING MARKET

With continued outside buying and the further retreat of shorts, Wall Street had a boiling market yesterday. In the two-hour session over 820,000 shares were traded in, or at the rate of 2,000,000 shares for a full day. It was the largest Saturday's business the New York Stock Exchange has known since August 18, 1906, when 1,603,000 shares were traded in.

Other markets were active also, cotton advancing until it was up \$1 a bale on the day and \$2.50 above the opening price Friday. In later trading some of this gain was lost on profit-taking sales.

The market opened wide and higher, with steel, that good old standby in all bull markets, leading the way. About the steel post there was a whirling, fighting mob of brokers, though they by no means had a corner of the excitement. It was as exciting a market as the exchange has viewed since that Thursday afternoon in July last, when it seemed as though the whole world had stocks to sell at any price, and exhausted brokers prayed for 3 o'clock and a chance to check the slaughter as the battered boxer, hanging on the ropes, plays for the knock-out.

It was different yesterday. Then everybody seemed to wish to buy and only the shorts were in agony as their own rush to avoid further losses helped mark prices up on them.

It was different, also, in the galleries. On that memorable July afternoon there were comparatively few outsiders to watch the turmoil on the floor. Most of that few were reporters, the majority veterans of the Street, waiting, with watches in hand, for the closing signal, and wondering where it would all end. There were the tense, cold faces novelists write about. The few outsiders seemed chilled, too. There is never much joy, even for the winners, in a market where values are melting and the ticker sings a song of financial doom for many.

Yesterday the gallery was crowded, but it was a holiday crowd, made brilliant by the costumes of the women. There were reporters there, too, but this time the watches remained in waistcoat pockets, and there were fewer of the blasé veterans of that July afternoon. The few that were there

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Brokers Excited in Heavi- est Trading Since 1906— Cotton, Too, Goes Up.

Major Bouche told the court of reading the colonel's final order to Captain Herail that he would be court-martialed for disobedience. When he had heard this order read Captain Herail went into the next room, where his wife was, and he himself described the scene. His orders to her, he said, were imperative:

"You must go away at once. I order you to go. You must leave Compiègne in ten minutes," said the captain, "I will not see you again."

"For the last time I now command you to go."

"I will not obey your orders, and if you summon me again to go I will terminate my life on the spot," Captain Herail, exasperated by these words, went to an adjoining room, where his commanding officer was waiting, and without the latter's noticing what he was doing, opened a drawer and took out his regulation revolver, loaded with six ball cartridges. He once more confronted his wife, saying, "Will you go? Yes or no?"

Mrs. Herail, in a moment's hesitation, exclaimed in a loud voice, "No."

Three shots rang out and Major Bouche, bursting into the room, found Mrs. Herail lying on the floor.

Captain Herail, broken hearted, weeping, and almost out of his mind, was immediately put under arrest.

The prisoner offered no excuse for his act, except that he was committed in the execution of his duty.

Captain Herail frequently broke down during the trial and wept, though Commander Gaffier, the government's commissioner for the prosecution, deformed Henri Robert, president of the Paris Bar, thus found his task of defending the prisoner a very easy one. Paul Hervieu, author and member of the Academy, was on the jury.

DIVER SAW F-4, HE SAYS Down 170 Feet, He Sighted Sunken Submarine Below.

Washington, April 10.—In a dispatch from Honolulu, dated 2 p. m. to-day, Rear Admiral Moore, commandant of the naval station at Honolulu, sent this report of the progress of the search for the F-4:

"Work preparatory to raising F-4 progressing. Taking time for safety, but wasting no time. Diver Agram, at a depth of 170 feet, thinks he saw F-4 below him. Have two lines to her."

"MOORE"

The diver Agram referred to in the dispatch is one of the local diving crew. The armored cruiser Maryland, with her corps of experts from the New York Navy Yard, is not expected to arrive at Honolulu until late to-morrow night or on Monday.

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